4: Wagley E-5 (1939-1940) 1943
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of fish, of insects, and several natural phenomena, especially thunder, have children: that is, they are thought to control "spirits of children" (20). A shaman steals, or more simply, takes spirits of children from these sources and brings them to a woman while she sleeps. Parents who wish children can bring presents to a *pancé* to "make him dream and bring a child to them". Most Tapirapé parents can identify the source of their children and the shaman who brought them. One father explained that he had taken honey to the *pancé* Urukumu, making him dream, and that Urukumu had then traveled to the house of Thunder and brought back a child to his wife. Another gave a present of fish to a shaman who brought back a child from the small fish called piau (*Leporinus* sp.); and yet another gave honey to a *pancé* who brought back a child from the horsefly (Tabanidae).

To the Tapirapé all good and likewise all evil can be laid at the door of the shaman. Consequently a phenomenon such as barrenness is always the fault of the shaman. A barren woman or a man with no children by his wife must have "quarrelled much with the *pancé*". For example, it was clear to Kamairaho that his failure to have children by the three wives with whom he had lived during his lifetime was due to the shaman: "They do not want me to have a child", he said. He had no suspicion concerning his own sterility, even though his present and third wife had had a daughter by her first husband; for according to Tapirapé belief, all men who have sexual relations with a woman during her pregnancy are biological fathers of child, and Kamairaho was in this manner the "father" of several children.

The safety of Tapirapé men depends upon the power of their shaman during the period each October and November when they must swim while they fish and shoot turtles; for in this region of Brazil rivers are infested with alligators, sting rays (*Potamotrygon histrix*), and the carnivorous fish called piranha (Serrasalminae). The Tapirapé also believe that large snakes lurk in deep pools of the rivers ready to wrap themselves around men and pull them beneath the water. During the year men will not swim in deep water unless it is absolutely necessary

(20) Thunder, night, monkeys, wild pigs, jacú (*Penelope* sp.), jakamí (*Psophia* sp.), fish as called *tukunare* (*Cichla ocellaris*), pacú (*Mylinae* sp.), and *piranha* (*Pygocentrus*), and *jakuri* (*Prochilodus* sp.), were listed as sources of "spirits of children".

12: Wagley & Galvão E-5 (1939-1940)1948
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586 Until the first child is born, marriage bonds are rather weak, but henceforth the marriage is comparatively stable. There are, however, frequent [837] cases of adultery, and a guilty woman who is found out is thrashed by her [684] husband. When a marriage is dissolved, the man leaves the house, which is considered the wife's property, although built by him.

768 Upon a man's death, his widow remains in the house. After about 2 [837] months of free sexual relations, she chooses a new husband.

Death.—The *Tapirapé* believe that death is brought about by sorcery 761 and never by natural causes. Frequently, when the relatives of the [682] deceased enjoyed sufficient prestige, they kill the shaman whom they [754] suspect.

763 As soon as it is certain that the sick man will die, mourning begins in the form of a wailing dirge by both men and women. The men dance around the hammock of the dying or dead man, while the women remain 764 seated on the ground. Burial takes place on the day after death. The corpse is stretched out on the hammock. Its feet and head are decorated with urucú dye, and its face is painted black with genipa. The grave is dug in the dead man's house under the place where his hammock was usually hung. The body is buried in the hammock, which is set up in the grave between two poles. All contact with the earth is avoided. Personal possessions of the deceased are buried with him, except that all feather ornaments and bows and arrows are burned.

765 Five days after the funeral, the relatives walk in file to the ceremonial hut, where they leave the spirit of the dead man. The wailing goes on for many days, sometimes months, and always takes place at sunset. Close-cropped hair is a token of mourning for both sexes.

ESTHETIC AND RECREATIONAL ACTIVITIES

517 **Art.**—Obvious esthetic pleasure is derived from skillfully done basket-531 work; a good workman will destroy a basket which is not turning out well, even though it would serve as a receptacle. Great use is made of highly colored feathers; feathers are both tied and stuck with rosin and wax on to the object to be decorated. Elaborate geometric designs are painted on children's bodies with genipa. The incise work on gourds is also especially striking.

534 **Musical instruments.**—Gourd rattles are frequently used to keep time to singing. No sacred powers are attributed to rattles. During the shamanistic ceremony (p. 177), a bamboo trunk is pounded against the ground in time to the music.

533 **Music.**—By far the most important *Tapirapé* pastime is singing. A man with a good voice and a large repertoire of songs is much admired by the community. All ceremonies are, basically, singing festivals. Each ceremony during the year has a large set of specific songs: those to be sung by the shaman during the shamanistic "battle with Thunder" (p. 177);

Tapirapé village which he would have hesitated to relate on home grounds. He told me of adulterous affairs in process and of the growing determination among one group of kinsmen to assassinate Urukumu, the powerful medicine man, because they suspected him of performing death-dealing sorcery.

After two weeks in Furo de Pedra, I found that it would be necessary for Valentim Gomes and me to go to Rio de Janeiro. It was not possible for Champukwi to accompany us and so I arranged for two Brazilian frontiersmen to return him to a point on the Tapirapé River from which he could easily hike to his village in a day. Valentim and I then began our slow trip up the Araguaia River to the motor road and thence to Rio de Janeiro. Two months later, rid of malaria and with a new stock of supplies, we returned to spend the long rainy months from November until the end of May in the Village of the Tapirs. Champukwi was there to welcome us, and he came each day to help repair and enlarge our house. We easily fell into our former friendly relationship, now strengthened by the experience in common of the trip to Furo de Pedra and by the feeling which many anthropologists have shared with the people of their communities—that anyone who returns is an "old friend."

My return to the village that November marked, in a sense, the end of what might be called the first phase of my relationship with Champukwi as friend and as anthropological informant. During the course of at least 200 hours of conversation (many of which may be methodologically dignified as interviews), I had learned much about Champukwi as a person as well as about Tapirapé culture. I knew that as a small boy he had come from Fish Village, where his parents had died, to live in the Village of the Tapirs. He had lived with his father's younger brother, Kamaira, who was the leader of a large household. He even confided to me his boyhood name; Tapirapé change their names several times during their lifetimes and mention of a person's first childhood name, generally that of a fish, an animal, or simply descriptive of some personal characteristic, causes laughter among the audience and considerable embarrassment to the individual. I knew that Champukwi had been married before he took his current wife, and that his first wife had died in childbirth. He revealed that her kinsmen had gossiped that her death was caused by his lack of respect for the food taboos imposed

upon an expectant father. This same set of taboos now bothered him again. A series of foods, mainly meats and particularly venison, is prohibited to fathers of infants and to husbands of pregnant women. On two excursions to the savanna (which abounds with deer) Champukwi had eaten venison. Moreover, since the Tapirapé identified cattle with deer, and thus beef with venison, he had broken the taboo several additional times by partaking also of this forbidden meat. The rather scrawny conditon of his 2-year-old daughter, he feared, resulted from his faults. Just after our return to the village in early November, his wife gave birth to a second daughter. She had a difficult delivery, and he remembered his transgressions. Several village gossips, without knowing anything about his misdeeds, had nevertheless accused him of this breach of taboo.

Champukwi's home life was not a happy one. He was frequently in conflict with his second wife, who had, indeed, considerable basis for complaint. She could not claim that he was a poor provider, for Champukwi was a good hunter and a diligent gardener. But he confided to me that he did not find her attractive, or at least not as attractive as other women in the village. Champukwi had a lusty sense of humor and enjoyed joking with Valentim and me. In this mood he told of his many extramarital affairs, which were in truth but slightly concealed. I would in any event have heard of these liaisons; he gave his paramours beads which everyone in the village knew I had given him as presents. This practice caused trouble for the women because their husbands could readily identify the source of the gifts. It also created trouble for Champukwi at home. His wife complained of his affairs and on one occasion, according to Champukwi, she attacked him, grabbing him by his pigtail and squeezing his exposed testicles until he fell helpless into a hammock. On other occasions, she retaliated in a manner more usual for a Tapirapé woman—she simply refused to carry drinking water from the creek, to cook food for him, and to allow him to sleep in the hammock which she and Champukwi shared. For a Tapirapé man to carry drinking water, to cook, or to sleep on a mat is considered ridiculously funny. In other circumstances, Champukwi would have had to seek recourse with a female relative. However, to do so would be tantamount to a public announcement of his marital difficulties; the whole village would have known, to their considerable merriment and jest. But having *tori*[A] friends in the village, Champukwi

[A] [i.e. non-Indian -- Analyst]

could come quietly to us at night to drink water, to ask for something to eat, and even to sleep in an extra hammock we had for visitors. His affairs were evidently extensive, for he once divided all of the adult women of the village into two categories—those "I know how to talk with" (i.e., to seduce) and those "I do not know how to talk with." There were many with whom he "could talk."

Unfortunately, by late November of 1939, I knew too much about Champukwi's affairs either for his comfort or for mine. His wife sometimes came to my house to ask if I knew where he had gone (I could generally guess), and once an irate husband even came to inquire of his whereabouts. His Don Juan activities had evidently increased. His friendship with me caused him trouble with other Tapirapé who were envious of the presents he received. The story was circulated that he had stolen a pair of scissors which, in fact, I had given to him. Moreover, several people caught colds, and he was accused of bringing the infection from Furo de Pedra (actually it was probably transmitted by the frontiersman who had helped transport us to the village in November). Champukwi sought revenge by cutting down one of the main supports of the men's house, which promptly caved in. No one died or was seriously injured and the destruction of the men's house was soon forgotten since it is normally rebuilt each year. However, people continued to criticize Champukwi, much of their criticism revolving around his relationship with me. There are no realms of esoteric secrets in Tapirapé culture (as there are in many cultures) that must not be revealed to an outsider; there is only the "secret" of the men from the women that the masked dancers are not supernatural beings but merely masquerading men, but I had been fully and openly brought into this "secret." I was, moreover, exceedingly careful in conversation never to refer to any bit of personal information that some informant, Champukwi or another, had told me. But rumors were rife in the small village—that I was angry and would soon leave (I was by then a valuable asset), that Champukwi told me lies about others, that I refused to give a bushknife to a household leader because Champukwi had urged me not to do so (I refused because I had already given him one bushknife), and the like.

Champukwi reacted moodily, often violently, to this situation. I could no longer count on his visits nor on our research interviews. He now visited us with a glum look on his face, and when he was

13: Wagley E-5 (1939-1940, 1953) 1964
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not at once offered coffee, he left offended. But the very next day he might return, gay and joking, yet without his former patience for teaching or explaining Tapirapé culture. Once he returned tired from a hunting trip, and, irritated by his wife, he beat her with the flat side of his bushknife and marched off in anger, thoughtfully taking the family hammock and a basket of manioc flour, to sleep four nights in the forest near his garden. Soon afterwards, he left his wife to take the wife of a younger man. This did not become a major scandal in the village. After some tense yet calm words between the two men, it seemed clear that the young woman preferred Champukwi and the abandoned husband peacefully moved into the men's house. Champukwi's former wife and their two young daughters continued to live with her relatives as is the Tapirapé rule. But the switch of spouses caused tension between Champukwi and his former wife's kinsmen, and between Champukwi and the abandoned husband's kinsmen; and, to multiply his woes, he now had a new set of in-laws to satisfy. For about a month thereafter I rarely saw Champukwi; he obviously avoided our house. When we met in the village or in the men's house, he simply said that he was busy repairing his house or hunting.

Discussing emotions with someone from a culture as widely different as Tapirapé is from my own was difficult, and the language barrier was still a real one. Although my Tapirapé vocabulary was increasing, it was hardly adequate to probe deeply into emotional responses; nor was Champukwi given to introspection. I shall probably never fully understand Champukwi's temporary rejection of me, but the cause was probably both sociological and psychological. First, his apparent influence with me and our close friendship had created antagonism on the part of other villagers. By rejecting the outsider, he now hoped to reinstate himself in his own society. A second, deeper and more personal reason, contributed to his rejection of me; he had told me too much about himself, and feared that he had lost face in the process. Also, it was obvious that I was growing less dependent upon him for knowledge as my facility with the language improved and my information about the culture grew. Finally, the rejection was not one-sided. Now additional informants were desirable for my research. Also, if I remember correctly (it is not stated in my notebooks), I was annoyed by Champukwi's neglect and disappointed by his lack of loyalty.